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FRAMLINGHAM CASTLE.

Castle of Ancient Days! in times long gone
Thy lofty halls in regal splendour shone!
Thou stoodst a monument of strength sublime,
A Giant, laughing at the threats of Time!
Strange scenes have passed within thy walls! and
strange
Has been thy fate through many a chance and
change!

Thy Towers have heard the war-cry, and the shout
Of friends within, and answering foes without.
Have rung to sounds of revelry, while mirth
Held her carousal, when the sons of earth
Sported with joy, till even he could bring
No fresh delight upon his drooping wing!

JAMES BIRD.

(From a Correspondent.)

This Castle is said to have been founded by Redwald, or Redowald, one of the most powerful kings of the East Angles, between A.D. 599 and 624. It belonged to St. Edmund, one of the Saxon monarchs of East Anglia, who, upon the invasion of the Danes, fled from Dunwich, or Thetford, to this castle; from which being driven, and being overtaken at *Hegilsdon*, (now Hoxne, a distance of twelve miles from Framlingham,) he was cruelly put to death, being bound to a tree and shot with arrows, A.D. 870. His body, after many years, was removed to a place called *Bederics-gueord*, now St. Edmund's Bury. The castle remained in the hands of the Danes fifty years, when they were brought under the obedience of the Saxons. William the Conqueror and his son Rufus retained

the Castle in their own possession; but the third son of William, Henry I., granted it, with the Manor of Framlingham, to Roger Bigod.—The castle continued in this family till Roger Bigod, the last of the race, and a man more turbulent than any of his predecessors, was compelled to resign it to King Edward I.; Edward II. gave it to his half-brother, Thomas Plantagenet, surnamed De Brotherton; from whom it descended to Thomas de Mowbray, twelfth Baron Mowbray, created Duke of Norfolk 29th of September, 1397. From the Mowbrays it descended to the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk, Sir Robert Howard having married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Mowbray, first Duke of Norfolk. His son, John Howard, was created Earl Marshal and Duke of Norfolk, 28th of June, 1483. He was slain at Bosworth Field, 1485; and his son, Thomas, Earl of Surrey, being attainted, the castle fell into the hands of King Henry VII., who granted it to John de Vere, thirteenth Earl of Oxford, from whom it again returned to the Howards. Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk, being attainted, (38 Henry VIII. 1546,) it was seized by the king, who dying the same year, his successor, Edward VI., granted it to his sister, the Princess, afterwards Queen Mary. King James I. granted it to Thomas Howard, first Baron Howard de Walden, youngest son of

Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, created Earl of Suffolk 21st of July, 1603; but his lordship making Audley Inn his seat, the castle fell into decay, and his son, Theophilus, second Earl of Suffolk, sold it in 1635, with the domains, to Sir Robert Hitcham, knight, senior sergeant to James I.; who by his will, dated 10th of August, 1636, bequeathed it to the master and scholars of Pembroke College, in trust for certain charitable uses; the advowson of the living, the castle and the manor, he bequeathed to the college for its own use; since which time the castle has remained in a dismantled state.

Loder, in his *History of Framlingham*, thus describes the former state of the structure: "This castle, containing an acre, a rood, and eleven perches of land, within the walls now standing, but anciently a much larger quantity before the walls enclosing the same were demolished, was in former ages very fair and beautiful, standing within a park (long since dispersed) on the north side of the town; fortified with a double ditch, high banks, rampiers, and stone walls 44 feet high and 8 feet thick; in these walls were thirteen towers, 14 feet higher than the walls, built four-square—whereof two were watch-towers, one looking towards the east and the other towards the west: and the rooms within the castle were very commodious and necessary, capable to receive and contain abundance of people.

"In the first court was a deep well, of excellent workmanship, compassed with carved pillars, which supported its leaden roof, and though out of repair, was in being in the year of our Lord 1651. A chapel stood in the same court, adjoining to the east watch-tower; which in the reign of Henry VIII. was hung with cloth of arras, of the history of Christ's passion; and a lamp of the value of seven shillings was usually burnt before the altar there. On the side of the court, towards the west watch-tower, was the hall, covered with lead; and over the gate thereof were formerly cut in stone the arms of Brotherton impaled with Bouchier, quartering Lowain, supported with a lion and an eagle. Divers other arms there were in the rest of the buildings, some cut on stone and some on timber, to be seen in the year of our Lord 1651—as Bygods, Brothertons, Seagraves, Mowbrays, Howards, and St. Edmund's, the king and martyr. Between the hall and chancel, fronting the great castle gate, was a large chamber, with several rooms, and a cloyster under it, pulled down A.D. 1700; for which, when standing, in the reign of King Henry VIII., there was one suit of hangings of the story of Hercules; which are supposed to be those still remaining at the seat of Lord Howard, of Walden.

"Out of the castle were three passages—

one a postern, with an iron gate, on the east side over a private bridge into the park, where there were arbours, pleasant walks, and trees planted for profit and delight. Another passage was on the west side, leading to a dungeon, and forth on to the mere, now filled up with mire and weeds. But the largest passage and most used was, and is, that towards the south and town; there being formerly a portcullis over that gate, which was made in one of the strongest towers, and a drawbridge without, defended by an half-moon of stone, about a man's height, standing in the year 1657."

These splendid buildings within the walls have long since been demolished, so that scarcely a vestige remains; but with their materials a workhouse has been built for the poor. The only armorial bearings traceable are three shields over the castle-gate.

Over the centre of the gate is a large one; the arms and quarterings of John Howard IV., first Duke of Norfolk, who died in 1485; and with lions for supporters. Crest—a lion passant-guardant.

1. A bend between six cross cross-lets, for - - - - - Howard.
 2. Three lions passant-guardant in pale—England, for - - - - - Brotherton.
 3. Checky - - - - - Warren.
 4. A lion rampant - - - - - Mowbray.
 5. A lion rampant crowned - - - - - Seagrave.
 6. Semé de cross crosslets fitchy, and a lion rampant, double queue - Broes, or Brues.
- All within the garter.
On the west side, a shield, quarterly—
1. Howard—2. Brotherton—3. Mowbray—4. Seagrave.
On the east side, quarterly—
1. Brotherton—2. Warren—3. Seagrave—4. Broes.

This venerable and majestic remain of antiquity, when viewed at a distance, has certainly more the appearance of a castle than the ruins of one, the outward walls being almost entire, and presenting nearly the same appearance they did thirty years ago.

Framlingham Church is a fine structure, and was built by the Mowbrays; and the Chancel by the Howards, wherein are several stately monuments of this noble family.

EDWARD DUNTHORN.

The original of the annexed Cut is a lithograph frontispiece to *Framlingham: a Narrative of the Castle—a poem of very considerable merit*, by Mr. James Bird, of Yoxford: the introduction to which furnishes the following impassioned apostrophe to Framlingham and its decaying Castle:—

Heir of Antiquity!—fair castled Town,
Rare spot of beauty, grandeur, and renown,
Seat of East-Anglian kings!—proud child of fame,
Hallowed by time, illustrious Framlingham! I
I touch my lyre delighted, thus to bring
To thee my heart's full homage while I sing!
And thou, old Castle!—thy bold turrets high,
Have shed their deep enchantment on mine eye.
Though years have changed thee, I have gazed
intent

In silent joy, on tower and battlement,
When all thy time-worn glories met my sight;
Then have I felt such rapture, such delight,
That, had the splendour of thy days of yore
Flashed on my view, I had not loved thee more!

Scene of immortal deeds! thy walls have rung
 To pealing shouts from many a warrior's tongue;
 When first thy founder, Redwald of the spear,
 Manned thy high towers, defied his foemen near,
 When, girt with strength, East-Anglia's king of old,
 The sainted Edmund, sought thy sheltering hold,
 When the proud Dane, fierce Hinguar, in his ire
 Besieged the town, and wrapped thy walls in fire,
 While Edmund died, but left thee with his name
 Linked, and for ever, to the chain of fame:
 Then wast thou great! and long, in after years
 Thy grandeur shone—thy portraiture appears
 From history's pencil like a summer-night,
 With much of shadow, but with more of light!

Pile of departed days!—my verse records,
 Thy time of glory, thy illustrious Lords,
 The fearless Bigode—Brotherton—De Vere,
 And Kings, who held thee in their pride, or fear,
 And gallant Howards, 'neath whose ducal sway
 Proud rose thy towers, thy rugged heights were gay
 With glittering banners, costly trophies rent
 From men in war, or tilt, or tournament,
 With all the pomp and splendour that could grace
 The name, and honours of that warlike race.
 Howards! the rich! the noble! and the great!
 Most brave! most happy! most unfortunate!
 Kings were thy courtiers!—Queens have sued to share

Thy wealth, thy triumphs—'on thy name to bear!
 Tyrants have bowed thy children to the dust,
 Some for their worth—and some who broke their trust!

And there was one among thy race, who died
 To Henry's shame!—his country's boast and pride:
 Immortal Surrey!—Offspring of the Muse!
 Bold as the lion, gentle as the dew,
 That fall on flowers to 'wake their odorous breath,
 And shield their blossoms from the touch of death.
 Surrey!—thy fate was wept by countless eyes,
 A nation's woe assailed the pitying skies,
 When thy pure spirit left this scene of strife,
 And soared to him who breathed it into life:
 Thy funeral knell pealed o'er the world!—thy fall
 Was mourned by hearts that loved thee, mourned by all—

All, save thy murderers!—thou hast won thy crown:
 And thou, fair Framlingham! a bright renova,
 Yes! thy rich temple holds the stately tomb,
 Where sleeps the Poet in his lasting home,
 Lamented Surrey!—hero, bard divine,
 Pride, grace, and glory of brave Norfolk's line.
 Departed spirit!—Oh! I love to hold
 Communion sweet with lofty minds of old,
 To catch a spark of that celestial fire
 Which glows and kindles in thy rapturous lyre;
 Though varying themes demand my future lays,
 Yet thus my soul a willing homage pays
 To that bright glory which illumines thy name,
 Though naught can raise the splendour of thy fame!

Mr. Bird is also advantageously known as the author of the *Vale of Slaughden*; *Poetical Memoirs*; *Dunwich*, a tale of the *Splendid City*; and other poems, which abound with vivid imagery, life-breathing incidents, and interesting narrative; though it is but late justice to recommend his *Framlingham* to the admirers of fervid verse.

SPIRIT DRINKING.

"Nothing like the simple element dilutes
 The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow."

THE direful practice of spirit-drinking seems to have arrived at its acme in the metropolis. Splendid mansions rear their *dazzling heads* at almost every turning; and it appears as if Circe had fixed her abode in

these superb haunts. Happy are those who, like Ulysses of old, will not partake of her deadly cup. If the unhappy dram-drinker was merely to calculate the annual expense of two glasses of gin per day, he would find a sum expended which would procure for him many comforts, for the want of which he is continually grumbling. If this sum is expended for only two glasses of spirits, what must be the expense to the habitual and daily sot, who constantly haunts the tap-room or the wretched bar? to say nothing of the loss of time, health, and every comfort.

Dr. Willan says—"On comparing my own observations with the bills of mortality, I am convinced that considerably more than one-eighth of all the deaths which take place in persons above twenty years old, happen prematurely, through excess in drinking spirits."

Spirits, like other poisons, if taken in a sufficient quantity, prove immediately fatal. The newspapers frequently furnish us with examples of almost instant death, occasioned by wantonly swallowing a pint or other large quantity of spirits, for the sake of wager, or in boast.

Dr. Trotter says—"We daily see, in all parts of the world, men who, by profligacy and hard-drinking, have brought themselves to a goal; yet, if we consult the register of the prison, it does not appear that any of these habitual drunkards die by being forced to lead sober lives." And he contends, that "whatever debility of the constitution exists, it is to be cured by the usual medicinal means which are employed to restore weakened organs. But the great difficulty in these attempts to cure inebriety is in satisfying the mind, and in whetting the blunted resolutions of the patient; and this is, doubtless, more easily accomplished by a gradual abstraction of his favourite potations."

Dr. Lettsom mentions a person who usually drank twelve drams a day; but being convinced of his approaching misery, took the resolution to wean himself from this poison. He always drank out of one glass, into which he daily let fall a drop of sealing-wax. By this means he had twelve drops less of spirit every day, till at length, his glass being filled with wax, his habit was cured.

"In the drunkard," says Dr. Willan, "the memory and the faculties depending on it, being impaired, there takes place an indifference towards usual occupations, and accustomed society or amusements. No interest is taken in the concerns of others—no love, no sympathy remain: even natural affection to nearest relatives is gradually extinguished, and the moral sense obliterated. The wretched victims of a fatal poison fall, at length, into a state of fatuity, and die with the

powers both of body and mind wholly exhausted. Some, after repeated fits of derangement, expire in a sudden and violent phrenzy; some are hurried out the world by apoplexies; others perish by the slower process of jaundice, dropsy," &c. P. T. W.

A SCENE ON WINDERMERE.

"Beautiful scene! how fitted to allure
The printless footsteps of some sea-born maid."

It was a holy calm—the sunbeams tinged
The lake with gold, and flush'd the gorgeous brow
Of many a cloud whose image shone beneath
The blue translucent wave; the mountain-peaks
Were robed in purple, and the balmy air
Derived its fragrance from the breath of flow'rs
That seem'd as if they wish'd to close their eyes,
And yield their empire to the starry throng.
The wind, as o'er the lake it gently died,
Bequeath'd its cadence to the shore, and waked
The echo slumbering in the distant vales,
Diversified with woods, and rural homes.
The calm was lovely! and o'er such a scene
It brooded like a spirit, softening all
That lay beneath its blessed influence!

On Windermere—what poetry belongs
To such a name—deep, pure and beautiful,
As its trout-peopled wave!—on Windermere
Our skiff pursued its way amid the calm
Which fill'd the heart with holiest communings.
On Windermere—what scenes entranced the eye
That wander'd o'er them! either undefined
Or traced upon the outline of the sky.
Afar the lovely panorama glow'd,
Until the mountains, on whose purple brows
The clouds were pillow'd, closed it from our view.
The fields were fraught with bloom, on them appear'd
The verdant robe that Nature loves to wear,
And rocky pathways fringed with bristling pine,
O'er which the wall of many a cottage-home
Graced with the climbing vine, or beautified
With roses bending to each passing breeze,
Attracts the eye, and glistens in the sun—
Were interspersed around; while in the vale
The streamlet gave a silver gleam, and flow'd
Beneath the hill, on whose majestic brow,
Dimm'd with the ivy of a thousand years,
The rural fane, encircled with its tombs,
Displayed its mouldering form. Amid the light
And harmony of this enchanting scene,
'Tis sweet to have a temple that recalls
The heart from earth's turmoil, and hallows it
With hopes that soar beyond the flight of time.
Beautiful Lake! most lovely Windermere!
Thou mirror to the mountains that enclose
Thy shores with zone magnificent;—in storm,
Or calm—when summer wantons with thy waves,
Or winter clouds thy crystal brow with gloom,
Oh! mayst thou still entrance the wanderer's eye,
And keep congenial quiet in his soul.
Thy fairy haunts, where solitude pervades
The feelings like a spirit, might allure
Some visionary youth to muse beneath
The rocks empurpled with the sunny beam,
And blend the music of his harp with thine
In gentlest murmurs,—consecrated Lake!

G. R. C.

New Books.

PETER THE GREAT.

(Concluded from page 303.)

HIS attention was forcibly attracted to the magnificent building of Greenwich Hospital, which, until he had visited it, and seen the

old pensioners, he had some difficulty in believing to be any thing but a royal palace. King William having one day asked him how he liked his hospital for decayed seamen, the Tzar answered, "If I were the adviser of your Majesty, I should counsel you to remove your court to Greenwich, and convert St. James's into a hospital."

It being term time while the Tzar was in London, he was taken into Westminster Hall; he inquired who all those busy people in black gowns and flowing wigs were, and what they were about? Being answered, "They are lawyers, sir;"—"Lawyers!" said he, with marks of astonishment, "why, I have but *two* in my whole dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get home."*

In the first week of March, vice-admiral Mitchell was ordered to repair forthwith to Spithead, and, taking several ships (eleven in number) under his command, hoist the blue flag at the fore-topmast head of one of them. It is not stated for what purpose these vessels were put under his command, nor was any public order given. But the *Postman*,† under date of 26th March, says, "On Tuesday the Tzar of Muscovy went on board admiral Mitchell, in his Majesty's ship the *Humber*, who presently hoisted sail and put to sea from Spithead, as did also his Majesty's ships the *Restauration*, *Chichester*, *Defiance*, *Swiftsure*, *York*, *Monmouth*, *Dover*, *Kingston*, *Coventry*, *Seaforth*, and *Swan*." And the *Flying-post*, or *Postmaster*,‡ has the following intelligence: "The representation of a sea engagement was excellently performed before the Tzar of Muscovy, and continued a considerable time, each ship having twelve pounds of powder allowed; but all their bullets were locked up in the hold, for fear the sailors should mistake." It is stated in the logs of the *Humber* and the *Kingston* that they had two sham fights; that the ships were divided into two squadrons, and every ship took her opposite and fired three broadsides *aloft* and *one aloft* without shot. The Tzar was extremely pleased with the performance. It is said, indeed, he was so much delighted with every thing he saw in the British navy, that he told admiral Mitchell he considered the condition of an English admiral happier than that of a Tzar of Russia.§

On returning from Portsmouth, Peter and his party stopped at Godalming for the night, where, it would appear, from the bill of fare, they feasted lustily. Among the papers of Ballard's Collection, in the Bodleian Library, is one from Mr. Humphrey Wanley|| to Dr.

* Gentleman's Mag. vol. vii.

† Postman, No. 441.

‡ Postmaster, No. 449.

§ Nestesuranoi. Mottley.

|| Author of "Wonders of the little World."

Charlett,* which contains the following passage:—"I cannot vouch for the following bill of fare, which the Tzar and his company, thirteen at table, and twenty-one in all, ate up at Godalming (or Godliming), in Surrey, in their way home, but it is avowed for truth by an eye-witness, who saw them eating, and had this bill from the landlord. At breakfast—half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, three quarts of brandy, six quarts of mulled wine, seven dozen of eggs, with salad in proportion. At dinner:—five ribs of beef, weight three stone; one sheep, fifty-six pounds; three quarters of lamb, a shoulder and loin of veal boiled, eight pullets, eight rabbits, two dozen and a half of sack, one dozen of claret."†

It would appear, indeed, from all accounts, that the Tzar was a prodigiously hard drinker, in his younger days. In a letter from Mr. A. Bertie to Dr. Charlett, and in the same collection, he says, "The Tzar lay the other night at Mr. James Herbert's, being come from Deptford to see the Redoubt;‡ which the justices have suppressed, by placing six constables at the door. Upon that disappointment he fell to drinking hard at one Mr. Morley's; and the Marquess of Carmarthen, it being late, resolved to lodge him at his brother-in-law's, where he dined the next day; drank a pint of brandy and a bottle of sherry for his morning draught; and after that about eight more bottles of sack and so went to the playhouse."§

The King having given a grand ball at St. James's, in honour of the Princess's birthday, Peter was invited; but instead of mixing with the company, he was put into a small room, from whence he could see all that passed without being himself seen. This extraordinary aversion for a crowd kept him away from all great assemblies. Once, indeed, he attempted to subdue it, from a desire to hear the debates in the House of Commons, but even then the Marquess of Carmarthen could not prevail on him to go into the body of the house.

Having dined with the King at Kensington, he was prevailed on to see the ceremony of his Majesty passing four bills; but, it appears from a note of Lord Dartmouth, that here, as in the Commons, he avoided going into the house. His Lordship says, "He had a great dislike to being looked at, but had a mind to see the King in parliament;

in order to which he was placed in a gutter upon the house-top, to peep in at the window, where he made so ridiculous a figure, that neither king nor people could forbear laughing, which obliged him to retire sooner than he intended."

From the same authority we learn that Peter was, at another time, placed in an awkward situation. "The King made the Tzar a visit, in which an odd incident happened. The Tzar had a favourite monkey, which sat upon the back of his chair; as soon as the King was sat down, the monkey jumped upon him, in some wrath, which discomposed the whole ceremonial, and most of the time was afterwards spent in apologies for the monkey's misbehaviour."¶

The Tzar is said to have paid a visit to the University of Oxford; but not a trace appears on any of the records of that university of his having ever done so. His body physician, Posnikof, who stayed in England some months behind his master, is, however, known to have been there. Mr. Wanley writes thus, from London, to Dr. Charlett;—"I will wait on the doctor (Posnikof,) and if you had been pleased to have given me orders, I would have been at Oxford before now, for his sake, and returned hither with him again. His master (the Tzar) gave the King's servants, at his departure, one hundred and twenty guineas, which was more than they deserved, they being very rude to him; but to the King he presented a rough ruby, which the greatest jewellers of Amsterdam (as well Jews as Christians) valued at ten thousand pounds sterling. 'Tis bored through, and when it is cut and polished, it must be set upon the top of the imperial crown of England."¶¶

He was introduced to the archbishop of Canterbury, at his palace of Lambeth, and having expressed a desire to see the different churches of the capital, and to observe the mode in which the service was conducted, the archbishop recommended bishop Burnet to gratify his curiosity in this respect; and to give him all the information, of which none was more capable, that he might require on ecclesiastical matters. From this dignitary of the church we have some information respecting the manner and appearance of this extraordinary character.

The bishop says he wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. Who he had with him, besides Menzikoff and Golownin, does not anywhere appear, but the *Postman*** of

* Master of University College.

† There are among our countrymen those who are scarcely outdone by the Tzar of Russia and his companions. At the same place, and probably at the same house, long known as *Moon's*, two noble dukes, the one dead, the other yet living, stopped, as they intended, for a moment, while sitting in their carriages, to eat a mutton chop, which they found so good that they each of them devoured *eighteen*, and drank five bottles of claret.

‡ It is presumed some notorious place of ill fame.

§ Ballard's Collection. Bodleian.

¶ Lord Dartmouth.—Note in Burnet's History of his own Times.

¶ Ballard's Collection. Bodleian. With plain downright simplicity and free from all ostentation Peter carried this valuable ruby to the king in his waistcoat pocket, and presented it wrapped up in a piece of brown paper.

** No. 442.

the 29th March says, "The Tzar of Muscovy is returned from Portsmouth to Deptford, where his second ambassador is arrived from Holland." The two principal Russian workmen in Holland, of rank, were Menzikoff and the Prince Siberski, the latter of whom is said to have been able to rig a ship from top to bottom. The object in remaining at Deptford would appear to have been, as before stated, chiefly to gain instruction how to lay off the lines of ships, and cut out the moulds; though it is said, on the testimony of an old man, a workman of Deptford yard some forty years ago, that he had heard his father* say, the Tzar of Muscovy worked with his own hands as hard as any man in the yard. If so, it could only have been for a very short time, and probably for no other purpose than to show the builders, that he knew how to handle the adze as well as themselves.

When residing at Deptford he requested to see the celebrated Dr. Halley, to whom he communicated his plans of building a fleet, and in general of introducing the arts and sciences into his country, and asked his opinion and advice on various subjects; the doctor spoke German fluently, and the Tzar was so much pleased with the philosopher's conversation and remarks, that he had him frequently to dine with him; and in his company he visited the Royal Observatory in Greenwich Park.

As in Amsterdam, so also in London, he visited the manufactories and workshops of various artificers, and purchased whatever he deemed either curious or useful; and among other things "he bought the famous geographical clock made by Mr. John Carte, watch-maker, at the sign of the Dial and Crown, near Essex-street in the Strand, which clock tells what o'clock it is in any part of the world, whether it is day or night, the sun's rising and setting throughout the year, its entrance into the signs of the zodiac; the arch which they and the sun in them makes above or below the horizon, with several other curious motions."† He was very curious in examining the mechanism of a watch, and it is said he could take one of these ingenious machines to pieces, and put it together again, before he left London.

The king had promised Peter that there should be no impediment in his way of engaging, and taking with him to Russia, such English artificers, and scientific men, as he might desire, with such instruments as their trade or profession required.

The number of all descriptions of persons that finally left England, when the Tzar returned to Holland, is stated to have been

* Mr. James Sibbon, who was a journeyman shipwright in Deptford yard when the Tzar was there; he died in 1769, aged 105 years.—*Annual Register* for 1769.

† Postman, No. 135

nearly as follows:—Three captains of ships of war, twenty-five captains of merchant ships, thirty pilots, thirty surgeons, two hundred gunners, four mast-makers, four boat-builders, two master sail-makers and twenty workmen, two compass-makers, two carvers, two anchor-smiths, two lock-smiths, two copper-smiths and two tinmen; making, with some others, not much less than five hundred persons. However uncouth the manners of Peter may have been, he was a great favourite with King William, and the Tzar had also a high opinion of his Majesty, whom he visited frequently, and consulted on all important occasions. The king engaged him to sit for his portrait to Sir Godfrey Kneller, who painted a very good picture, said to be a strong likeness, which is now at Windsor, and the portrait at the head of this volume is engraved from it.

(The reader will recollect Peter at Zaandam. In after-life he visited this place,) and the little cottage in which some nineteen years before he had dwelt, when learning the art of ship-building: he found it kept up in neat order, and dignified with the name of the *Prince's House*. This little cottage is still carefully preserved. It is surrounded by a neat building with large arched windows, having the appearance of a conservatory or green-house, which was erected in 1823 by order of the present Princess of Orange, sister to the late Emperor Alexander, who purchased it to secure its preservation. In the first room you still see the little oak table and three chairs which constituted its furniture when Peter occupied it. Over the chimney-piece is inscribed

PETRO MAGNO

ALEXANDER,

and in the Russian and Dutch,

"To a Great Man nothing is little."

The ladder to the loft still remains, and in the second little room below are some models and several of his working-tools. Thousands of names are scribbled over every part of this once humble residence of Peter the Great.

On entering this cottage, Peter is said to have been evidently affected. Recovering himself, he ascended the loft, where was a small closet, in which he had been accustomed to perform his devotions and remained there alone a full half-hour; with what various emotions his mind must have been affected while in this situation, could be known only to himself, but might easily be imagined. It could hardly fail to recall to his recollection the happy period when he "communed with his own heart" in this sacred little chamber, and "remembered his Creator in the days of his youth,"—days which he might naturally enough be led to compare and contrast with those of the last nineteen years of his life, filled up as they had been with many and varied incidents, painful, hazardous, disastrous and glorious.

Every one was anxious to bring to his recollection any little circumstance in which he had been concerned,—among others, a beautiful boat was brought to him as a present, in the building of which he himself had done “yeoman service.” He was delighted to see that this ancient piece of the workmanship of his own hands had been preserved with such care. He caused it to be put on board a ship bound for Petersburg, but she was unfortunately captured by the Swedes; and the boat is still kept in the arsenal of Stockholm.

With his old acquaintance, Kist, the blacksmith, he visited the smithy, which was so dirty that the gentleman of his suite who attended him was retreating, but Peter stopped him to blow the bellows and heat a piece of iron, which, when so done, he beat out with the great hammer. Kist was still but a journeyman blacksmith, and the Tzar out of compassion for his old acquaintance made him a handsome present.

[The Editor’s conclusion, or brief summary, is sketched as follows.]

THE CHARACTER of Peter the Great, as has been shown in the course of this memoir, was a strange compound of contradictions. Owing to the circumstances in which he was placed, and the determination to execute the plan he had conceived of remodelling the customs and institutions of his country, he had to maintain a constant struggle between his good and evil genius. Nothing was too great, nothing too little for his comprehensive mind. The noblest undertakings were mixed with the most farcical amusements; the most laudable institutions, for the benefit and improvement of his subjects, were followed by shaving their beards and docking their skirts;—kind-hearted, benevolent, and humane, he set no value on human life. Owing to these, and many other incongruities, his character has necessarily been represented in various points of view and in various colours by his biographers. Of him, however, it can scarcely be said, that

The evil which men do lives after them,

The good is oft interred with their bones.

With the exception of a few foreign writers, who have generally compiled their memoirs from polluted sources, the reverse of the aphorism may be applied to Peter. His memory, among his countrymen, who ought to be the best judges, and of whom he was at once the scourge and the benefactor, is held in the highest veneration, and is consecrated in their history and their public monuments to everlasting fame. The magnificent equestrian statue, erected by Catharine II.; the waxen figure of Peter in the museum of the Academy founded by himself; the dress, the sword, and the hat, which he wore at the battle of Pultowa, the last pierced through with a ball: the horse that he rode in that battle; the trousers, worsted stockings,

shoes, and cap, which he wore at Zaandam, all in the same apartment; his two favourite dogs, his turning-lathe and tools, with specimens of his workmanship; the iron bar which he forged with his own hand at Olo-nitz; the Little Grand sire, so carefully preserved, as the first germ of the Russian navy; and the wooden hut in which he lived while superintending the first foundation of Petersburg;—these, and a thousand other tangible memorials, all preserved with the utmost care, speak in most intelligible language the opinion which the Russians hold of the *Father of his Country*.

The Naturalist.

THE DODO.

EVERY reader of popular natural history must recollect the figure of this extraordinary bird; although he may not be aware that it is considered to have become extinct towards the end of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century. The conditions of this disappearance are self-evident.* Imagine a bird of the gallinaceous (*gallus*, cock, or pheasant) tribe, considerably larger than a turkey, and consequently adapted for food, totally incapable of flying, and so unwieldy as to be easily run down, and it must be quite obvious that such a bird could not long continue to exist in any country to which mankind extended their dominion. This will account for its being found only in those islands of the Indian Ocean which, on their being first discovered by Europeans, were uninhabited, or difficult of access to the nearest people. The group which is situated to the eastward of Madagascar, consisting of Bourbon, Mauritius, and Roderigue, were almost the only islands of this description met with by the early circumnavigators of the Cape; and it is there that we find the last traces of this very remarkable bird, which disappeared, of course, from Bourbon and the Mauritius *first*, on account of their being more visited and finally colonized by the French; and lastly from Roderigue, an island extremely difficult of access, and without any safe bay or anchorage for shipping.

We obtain these particulars from a paper in the *Magazine of Natural History*,† by John V. Thompson, Esq. F. L. S. This gentleman, during a residence of some years in the above islands, in vain sought for some traces of the existence of the Dodo there; he discovered, however, a copy of the scarce and

* We are aware that the destruction or total extinction of any of the species of animals of contemporary creation with man, is a point of much controversy among philosophers. The best reply to this doubt is the repeated discovery of the fossil remains of animals entirely different from the existing species; proving their extinction to form a part of the scheme of creative wisdom.

† Vol. i. p. 442.

curious voyage of Leguat, who, and his companions, appear to have been the first inhabitants of Roderigue: and from their journal he has translated the following account of



The Dodo.

"Of all the birds which inhabit this island, the most remarkable is that which has been called *Solitaire* (the solitary), because they are rarely seen in flocks, although there is abundance of them.

"The *males* have generally a greyish or brown plumage, the feet of the turkey-cock, as also the beak, but a little more hooked. They have hardly any tail, and their posterior, covered with feathers, is rounded like the croup of a horse. They stand higher than the turkey-cock, and have a straight neck, a little longer in proportion than it is in that bird when it raises its head. The eye is black and lively, and the head without any crest or tuft. They do not fly, their wings being too short to support the weight of their bodies; they only use them in beating their sides, and in whirling round; when they wish to call one another, they make, with rapidity, twenty or thirty rounds in the same direction, during the space of four or five minutes; the movement of their wings then makes a noise which approaches exceedingly that of a kestrel (*Crécerelle*), and which is heard at more than 200 paces distant. The bone of the false pinion is enlarged at its extremity, and forms, under the feathers, a little round mass like a musket-bullet; this and their beak form the principal defence of this bird. It is extremely difficult to catch them in the woods; but as a man runs swifter than they, in the more open spots it is not very difficult to take them; sometimes they may even be approached very easily. From the month of March until September, they are extremely fat, and of most excellent flavour,

especially when young. The males may be found up to the weight of 45lb.; Herbert even says 50 lb.

"The *female* is of admirable beauty. Some are of a blond, others of a brown, colour; I mean by blond (the colour of flaxen hair). They have a kind of band, like the bandeau of widows, above the beak, which is of a tan colour. One feather does not pass another over all their body, because they take great care to adjust and polish them with their beak. The feathers which accompany the thighs are rounded into a shell-like form, and, as they are very dense at this place, produce a very agreeable effect. They have two elevations over the crop, of a somewhat whiter plumage than the rest, and which resemble wonderfully the fine breast of a woman. They walk with so much stateliness and grace combined, that it is impossible not to admire and love them; so much so, that their appearance has often saved their life.

"Although these birds approach, at times, very familiarly when they are not chased, they are incapable of being tamed; as soon as caught, they drop tears, without crying, and refuse obstinately all kind of nourishment, until at last they die. There is always found in their gizzard (as well as in that of the males) a brown stone, the size of a hen's egg; it is slightly tuberculated (*raboteuse*), flat on one side, and rounded on the other, very heavy and very hard. We imagined that this stone was born with them, because, however young they might be, they always had it, and never more than one; and besides this circumstance, the canal which passes from the crop to the gizzard, is by one-half too small to give passage to such a mass. We used them, in preference to any other stone, to sharpen our knives.

"When these birds set about building their nests, they choose a clear spot, and raise it a foot and a half off the ground, upon a heap of leaves of the palm tree, which they collect together for the purpose. They only lay one egg, which is very much larger than that of a goose. The male and female sit by turns, and it does not hatch until after a period of seven weeks. During the whole period of incubation, or that they are rearing their young one, which is not capable of providing for itself until after several months, they will not suffer any bird of their own kind to approach within 200 paces of their nest; and what is very singular is, that the male never chases away the females; only, when he perceives one, he makes, in whirling, his ordinary noise, to call his companion, which immediately comes and gives chase to the stranger, and which she does not quit until driven without their limits. The female does the same and allows the males to be driven off by her mate. This is a circumstance that

we so often witnessed, that I speak of it with certainty. These combats last sometimes for a long time, because the stranger only turns off, without going in a straight line from the nest; nevertheless, the others never quit until they have chased them away."

Mr. Thompson finds this evidence strengthened by the facts and statements of a paper by Mr. Duncan, in the *Zoological Journal* for January, 1828; and infers that a bird of corresponding size and character did actually exist, of which the only remains are a bill and foot in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and a foot in the British Museum, all of which Mr. Thompson examined on his return from the Mauritius in 1816. The specimen, which in part remains at Oxford, was originally in the museum of Tradescant, at Lambeth, which was purchased and removed to Oxford by Dr. Ashmole; the entire bird is proved to have been in the Museum in 1700; and in a catalogue of the collection drawn up since 1755, the disappearance of all but the bill and foot of the Dodo is explained by an order of a meeting of the visitors in the last-named year. Tradescant, it will be recollected, was gardener to Charles the Second; and in the portrait of him still preserved is introduced a Dodo, which belonged to him when alive. Another painting of the bird, to be seen in the British Museum, is stated by Mr. Duncan, to have been executed from a living bird, sent from the Mauritius to Holland, the Dutch being the first colonists of that island; but, Mr. Thompson thinks, "to dissipate all doubts as to its accuracy, it should be collated with a description taken from the Ashmolean specimen, should such be found to exist."

Mr. Thompson is inclined to consider Leguat's natural history of the Dodo as "the only one that was ever penned under such favourable circumstances. No doubt this first colony, in so small an island, consider-

* Voyage de Francois Leguat, Gentilhomme, Bressan, 1708.

ably reduced the number of the Dodo; but when they finally disappeared, does not seem to be anywhere recorded." The most interesting consideration connected with their disappearance is their being "the only vertebrated animals which we can make certain of having lost since the creation. If we seek to find out what link in the chain of Nature has been broken by the loss of this species, what others have lost their check, and what others necessarily followed the loss of those animals which alone contributed to their support." Mr. Thompson thinks "we may conclude that, the first being seen by the Omniscent Creator, at least no injury will be sustained by the rest of the creation; that man, its destroyer, was probably intended to supplant it, as a check; and that the only other animals which its destruction drew with it, were the intestinal worms and pediculi peculiar to the species."

Buffon, Latham, and Gmelin have three species of Dodo, while we find it difficult to establish the existence of one. Indeed, it is improbable that the three islands of the Mauritius group possessed each a distinct type of so singular and unique a bird.

MOUNT ARARAT.

ARARAT is celebrated as the resting-place of Noah's ark after the Deluge, and as the spot whence the descendants of Noah peopled the earth. It rises on the Persian frontier, on a large plain, detached, as it were, from the other mountains of Armenia, which make a long chain. It consists, properly speaking, of two hills—the highest of which, where the ark is said to have rested,* is, according to Parrot, 2,700 toises, or 17,718 feet above the

* The precise spot is controverted, as will be seen in an extract from the ingenious work on Scriptural Antiquities, quoted in vol. xix. of *the Mirror*, p. 389; where are notices of the mountain by Morier and Sir Robert Ker Porter. The latter describes Ararat as divided, by a chasm of about seven miles wide, into two distinct peaks, and is of opinion that the ark finally rested in this chasm.



(Mount Ararat, from a drawing, by Sir Robert Ker Porter.)

level of the ocean.* The summit is covered with perpetual snow; the lower parts are composed of a deep, moving sand; and one side presents a vast chasm tinged with smoke, from which flames have been known to issue.

Perhaps the most recent visit to this wonder of the East will be found described in Mr. J. H. Stocqueler's *Journal of Fifteen Months' Pilgrimage through untrodden Tracts of Khuzistan and Persia*, in 1831 and 1832:—

"We mounted our horses," says the enthusiastic traveller, "soon after sunrise, and had proceeded for about four hours over numerous acclivities, and through a territory of undulations resembling the waves of the sea deprived of motion, when the southern peak of Ararat (for there are two), snow-clad and 'cloud-clapt' suddenly burst upon my view! At first I scarcely dared venture to believe we were so near this celebrated mount, though its situation and the distance we had journeyed from Tabreez left no doubt of the fact. I even questioned the guide, and on his answering that it was the summit of Agri-Dagh (the name by which Ararat is called by the Turks), I involuntarily clasped my hands in ecstasy! Who can contemplate this superb elevation without a mixture of awe and admiration, or fail to recur to the page of sacred writ illustrative of Almighty wrath and the just man's recompense? Who can gaze upon the majesty of this mount, towering above the 'high places' and the hills, and turn without repining to the plains beneath, where puny man has pitched his tent and was upon his fellow, mocking the sublimity of Nature with his paltry tyranny? I felt as if I lived in other times, and my eye eagerly but vainly sought for some traces of that 'ark' which furnished a refuge and a shelter to the creatures of God's mercy when the 'waters prevailed, and were increased greatly on the earth,' till 'all in whose nostrils was the breath of life, and all that was in the dry land, died!'

"Though distant forty miles at least from the base of Ararat, the magnitude of the mountain, of about the centre of which our elevated position now placed us abreast, caused it to appear contiguous to our route, and produced that indefinable thrill and sense of humility which the immediate presence of any vast and overpowering object is so eminently calculated to generate. I continued to gaze until the decline of day warned us to seek a shelter, and Phœbus, casting a

parting glance at the crystal summit of the noble glacier, for a moment diffused over all a soft rosy tint,† then sunk into the west and left the world in darkness."

NUTRIA FUR.

(To the Editor.)

I READ with much pleasure the article in your Number, 574, on Nutria Fur: it was, to me, particularly acceptable, as I have been connected for the last ten years with an establishment where, on an average, 150,000 Nutria Skins are annually manufactured, and the wool cut for the use of hatters. I have searched every book of travels in Brazil, &c., that I could procure, and the chief English works on zoology, without being able to gather any description of the scientific name or habits of the animal. All the information I could collect was from the captains of various vessels that had visited Buenos Ayres, and brought cargoes of skins; but their accounts were extremely vague and unsatisfactory.

I perceive, however, that you have overlooked a peculiarity generally attributed to the animal, which, if true, is, in my opinion, deserving notice: viz.—the position of the female's teats, which are not placed on the belly, as with most animals, but on the side, approaching to the back, by which means it is enabled to suckle its young on both sides at once, whilst swimming on the surface of the water; and it presents, I have understood, a singular group to the observant traveller.

I have sent the skin of a female Nutria herewith, for your inspection, as regards the teats, &c. (from which the fur has been cut by machinery,) with a small sample of the belly fur, prepared for the covering of a hat; the wholesale price of the latter is now three guineas per lb.: it is used as a substitute for beaver-wool on second-rate hats. Our French correspondents term the skins "Ratgondin."

BENJAMIN NORRIS, JUN.

Windsor Place, Southwark Bridge Road.

* * We thank our intelligent correspondent for this communication, as well as for the skin and fur. The skin is rather above the usual size: its length is 26 inches, the tail being cut off, as is always done before the skins are exported: the width of the skin is 15 inches; the teats, nine in number, are in two rows, each row being about 2½ inches from the centre of the back, and about 5 inches from the centre of the belly; so that they are, as our correspondent observes, *on the side*, approaching to the back

† This peculiar effect of the setting sun on snow-covered mountains has been observed by other travellers in other regions. In Switzerland the phenomenon is by no means rare.

"And sun-set into rose hues sees them wrought,"
Byron.

* Edin. New Phil. Journ. By Professor Jameson. No. 23, p. 156.—Note to a paper by Humboldt, on the Mountain Chains and Volcanoes of Central Asia. Ararat is referred to in Genesis, viii. 4. Its distance and bearing from Jerusalem, 650, N.E. by N.: Lat. North, 39. 40. Long. East, 43. 50. Country, Erivan; Province, Mahou.—From the General Index to the Biblical Family Cabinet Atlas.

nearer by half than to the belly. This position of the teats appears to correspond with the animal's habit of suckling its young whilst swimming.

The Public Journals.

THE CHOLERA MOUNT.

Lines on the Burying-Place for Patients who have Died of Cholera; a pleasant eminence in Sheffield Park.

By James Montgomery, Esq.

In death divided from their dearest kin,
This is "a field to bury strangers in;"
Fragments lie here of families bereft,
Like limbs in battle-grounds by warriors left;
A sad community!—whose very bones
Might feel, methinks, a pang to quicken stones,
And make them from the depths of darkness cry,
"Oh! is it nought to you, ye passers by!
When from its earthly house the spirit fled,
Our dust might not be 'free among the dead?'
Ah! why were we to this Siberia sent,
Doom'd in the grave itself to banishment?"
Shuddering humanity asks—"Who are these?
And what their sin?"—They fell by *one* disease!
(Not by the Proteus maladies, that strike
Man into nothingness—not twice alike;)
By the blue pest, whose gripe no art can shun,
No force unwrench—out-singled one by one;
When like a timeless birth, the womb of Fate
Bore a new death, of unrecorded date,
And doubtful name. Far east its race begun,
Thence round the world pursued the westerling sun;
The ghosts of millions following at its back,
Whose desecrated graves betray'd their track;
On Albion's shore, unseen, the invader steep;
Secret, and swift, and terrible it crept;
At noon, at midnight, seized the weak, the strong,
Asleep, awake, alone, amidst the throng,
Kill'd like a murder; fix'd its icy hold,
And wrung out life with agony of cold;
Nor stay'd its vengeance where it crush'd the prey,
But set a mark, like Cain's, upon their clay,
And this tremendous seal impress'd on all,
"Bury me out of sight, and out of call."

Wherefore no filial foot this turf may tread,
No kneeling mother clasp her baby's bed;
No maiden unspoused, with widow'd sighs,
Seek her soul's treasure where her true-love lies;
—All stand aloof, and gazing from afar,
Look on this mount as on some baleful star,
Strange to the heavens, that with bewildering light,
Like a lost spirit, wanders through the night.

Yet many a mourner weeps her full'n estate,
In many a home by them left desolate;
Once warm with love, and radiant with the smiles
Of woman, watching infants at their wiles,
Whose eye of thought, while now they throng her
knees,

Pictures far other scene than that she sees,
For one is wanting—one, for whose dear sake,
Her heart with very tenderness would ache,
As now with anguish—doubled when she spies
In this his lineaments, in that his eyes,
In each his image with her own commix'd,
And there at least, for life, their union fix'd!

Humanity again asks, "Who are these?
And what their sin?"—They fell by *one* disease!
But when they knock'd for entrance at the tomb,
Their fathers' bones refused to make them room;
Recoiling Nature from their presence fled,
As though a thunder-bolt had struck them dead;
Their cries pursued her with the thrilling plea,
"Give us a little earth for charity!"
She linger'd, listen'd; all her bosom yearn'd;
The mother's pulse through every vein return'd;

Then, as she halted on this hill, she threw
Her mantle wide, and loose her tresses flew,
"Live!" to the slain she cried: "My children
live!

This for an heritage to you I give;
Had Death consumed you by the common lot
Ye, with the multitude, had been forgot;
Now through an age of ages ye shall *not*."

Thus Nature spake;—and as her echo, I
Take up her parable, and prophesy:

Here, as from spring to spring the swallows pass,
Perennial daisies shall adorn the grass;
Here the shrill skylark build her annual nest,
And sing in heaven, while you serenely rest;
On trembling dewdrops morn's first glance shall
shine,

Eve's latest beams on this fair bank decline,
And oft the rainbow steal through light and gloom,
To throw its sudden arch across your tomb;
On you the moon her sweetest influence shower,
And every planet bless you in its hour.
With statelier honours still, in Time's slow round,
Shall this sepulchral eminence be crown'd;
Where generations long to come shall hail
The growth of centuries waving in the gale,
A forest landmark, on the mountain's head,
Standing betwixt the living and the dead;
Nor, while your language lasts, shall travellers
cease

To say, at sight of your memorial, "Peace!"
Your voice of silence answering from the sod,
"Whoe'er thou art, prepare to meet thy God!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STEAM ENGINE SIMPLIFIED.

It is a universal property of matter, that by the application of heat, so as to raise its temperature, it suffers an increase in its magnitude. Also in different substances, when certain temperatures are attained by the application of fire, or other methods of heating, they undergo a change of form. Solids, at certain temperatures, are converted into liquids; and liquids, in like manner, when heated to certain degrees, become aeriform fluids or gases. These changes are familiar to every one in the ordinary phenomena attending water. Below the temperature of 32° of the common thermometer, that substance exists in the solid form, and is called *ice*. Above that temperature it passes into the liquid state, and is called *water*; and when raised to the temperature of 212°, under ordinary circumstances, it passes into the aeriform state, and is called *steam*. It is to this last change that we wish at present principally to call the attention of the reader. In the transition of water from the liquid state to the state of vapour or steam, an immense change of bulk takes place. In this change, a solid inch of water enlarges its size about 1,700 times, and forms 1,700 solid inches of steam. This expansion takes place accompanied with a certain force or pressure, by which the vapour has a tendency to burst the bounds of any vessel which contains it. The steam which fills 1,700 solid inches at the temperature of 212°, will, if cooled below that temperature, return to the liquid form, and occupy only one solid inch, leaving 1,699 solid inches vacant; and, if it be included in

a close vessel, leaving the surfaces of that vessel free from the internal pressure to which they were subject before the return of the water to the liquid form. If it be possible, therefore, alternately to convert water into vapour by heat, and to reconvert the vapour into water by cold, we shall be enabled alternately to submit any surface to a pressure equal to the elastic force of the steam, and to relieve it from that pressure, so as to permit it to move in obedience to any other force which may act upon it. Or again, suppose that we are enabled to expose one side of a movable body to the action of water converted into steam, at the moment that we relieve the other side from the like pressure by reconvert the steam which acts upon it into water, the movable body will be impelled by the unresisted pressure of the steam on one side. When it has moved a certain distance in obedience to this force, let us suppose that the effects are reversed. Let the steam which pressed it forwards be now reconverted into water, so as to have its action suspended; and at the same moment, let steam raised from water by heat be caused to act on the other side of the movable body; the consequence will obviously be, that it will now change the direction of its motion, and return in obedience to the pressure excited on the opposite side. Such is, in fact, the operation of an ordinary low-pressure steam-engine. The piston or plug which plays in the cylinder is the movable to which we have referred. The vapour of water is introduced upon one side of that piston at the moment that a similar vapour is converted into water on the other side, and the piston moves by the unresisted action of the steam. When it has arrived at the extremity of the cylinder, the steam which just urged it forwards is reconverted into water, and the piston is relieved from its action. At the same moment, a fresh supply of steam is introduced upon the other side of the piston, and its pressure causes the piston to be moved in a direction contrary to its former motion. Thus the piston is moved in the cylinder alternately in the one direction and in the other, with a force equivalent to the pressure of the steam which acts upon it. A strong metal rod proceeds from this piston, and communicates with proper machinery, by which the alternate motion of the piston backwards and forwards, or upwards and downwards, in the cylinder, may be communicated to whatever body is intended to be moved.

The power of such a machine will obviously depend partly on the magnitude of the piston or the movable surface which is exposed to the action of the steam, and partly on the pressure of the steam itself. The object of converting the steam into water by cold, upon that side of the piston towards which the motion takes place, is to relieve the piston from all resist-

ance to the moving power. This renders it unnecessary to use steam of a very high pressure, inasmuch as it will have no resistance to overcome, except the friction of the piston with the cylinder, and the ordinary resistance of the load which it may have to move. Engines constructed upon this principle, not requiring, therefore, steam of a great pressure, have been generally called "low-pressure engines." The re-conversion of the steam into water requires a constant and abundant supply of cold water, and a fit apparatus for carrying away the water which becomes heated, by cooling the steam, and for supplying its place by a fresh quantity of cold water. It is obvious that such an apparatus is incompatible with great simplicity and lightness, nor can it be applied to cases where the engine is worked under circumstances in which a fresh supply of water cannot be had.

The re-conversion of steam into water, or, as it is technically called, the *condensation* of steam, is however by no means necessary to the effective operation of a steam-engine. From what has been above said, it will be understood that this effect relieves the piston of a part of the resistance which is opposed to its motion. If that part of the resistance were not removed, the pressure of steam acting upon the other side would be affected in no other way than by having a greater load or resistance to overcome; and if that pressure were proportionately increased, the effective power of the machine would remain the same. It follows, therefore, that if the steam upon that side of the piston towards which the motion is made were not condensed, the steam urging the piston forwards on the other side would require to have a degree of intensity greater than the steam in a low-pressure engine, by the amount of the pressure of the uncondensed steam on the other side of the piston. An engine working on this principle has therefore been called a *high-pressure engine*. Such an engine is relieved from the incumbrance of all the condensing apparatus and of the large supply of cold water necessary for the reduction of steam to the liquid form; for instead of being so reduced, the steam is in this case simply allowed to escape into the atmosphere. The operation, therefore, of high-pressure engines will be readily understood. The boiler producing steam of a very powerful pressure, is placed in communication with a cylinder furnished in the usual manner with a piston; the steam is allowed to act upon one side of the piston so as to impel it from the one end of the cylinder to the other. When it has arrived there, the communication with the boiler is reversed, and the steam is introduced on the other side of the piston, while the steam which has just urged the piston forwards is permitted to escape into the atmosphere. It is evident that

the only resistance to the motion of the piston here is the pressure of that portion of steam which does not escape into the air; which pressure will be equal to that of the air itself, inasmuch as the steam will continue to escape from the cylinder as long as its elastic force exceeds that of the atmosphere. In this manner the alternate motion of the piston in the cylinder will be continued; the efficient force which urges it being estimated by the excess of the actual pressure of the steam from the boiler above the atmospheric pressure. The superior simplicity and lightness of the high-pressure engine must now be apparent, and these qualities recommend it strongly for all purposes in which the engine itself must be moved from place to place.

The steam-engine therefore consists of two distinct parts,—the boiler, which is at once the generator and magazine of steam, and the cylinder with its piston, which is the instrument by which this power is brought into operation and rendered effective. The amount of the load or resistance which such a machine is capable of moving, depends upon the intensity or pressure of the steam produced by the boiler, and on the magnitude of the surface of the piston in the cylinder, upon which that steam acts. The rate or velocity of the motion depends, not on the power or pressure of the steam, but on the rate at which the boiler is capable of generating it. Every stroke of the piston consumes a cylinder full of steam; and of course the rate of the motion depends upon the number of cylinders of steam which the boiler is capable of generating in a given time. These are two points which it is essential should be distinctly understood, in order to comprehend the relative merits of the boilers used in travelling steam-engines.

The motion which is primarily produced in a steam engine is a reciprocating or alternate motion of the piston from end to end of the cylinder; but the motion which is necessary to be produced for the purposes to which the engine is applied, is rarely or never of this nature. This primary motion, therefore, is almost always modified by some machinery interposed between the piston and the object to be moved. The motion most generally required is one of rotation, and this is accomplished by connecting the extremity of the piston-rod with a contrivance constructed on the revolving axle, called a *crank*. This contrivance does not differ in principle from the common winch, or from the key which winds a clock. The motion of the piston-rod backwards and forwards turns such a winch. At each termination of the stroke, the piston, from the peculiar position of the crank, loses all power over it. To remedy this two cylinders and pistons are generally used, which act upon two cranks placed on the axle at right angles to each other; so that at the moment

when one of the pistons is at the extremity of its stroke, and loses its power upon one crank, the other piston is at the middle of its stroke, and in full operation on the other crank. By these means an unremitting force is kept in action.—*Edinburgh Review*.

SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "ORIGINAL SONGS."

Tune.—"Gin a body meet a body."

BONNIE lassie, fairest lassie,
Dear art thou to me;
Let me think, my bonnie lassie,
I am lov'd by thee!
I speak na of thy ringlets bright,
Nor of thy witching 'ee;
But this I'll tell thy bonnie sel',
That dear art thou to me!
O! beauty it is rare, lassie,
And beauty it is thine,
Yet my love is no for beauty's sake,
'Tis just I wish thee mine!
Thy smile might match an angel's smile,
Gif such, save thee, there be;
Yet though thy charms my bosom warms,
I'll tell na them to thee!
Thy sunny face has nature's grace,
Thy form is winsome fair;
But when for long thou'st heard that sang,
O! wherefore hear it mair?
Thy voice, soft as the hymn of morn,
Or evening's melody,
May still excel, as a' can tell,
Then wherefore hear 't frae me?
Bonnie lassie, fairest lassie,
Think na't strange o' me,
That when thy beauty's praised by a',
Thou get'st nae praise frae me?
For wha wad praise what none can praise?
Yet, lassie, list to me;
Gie me thy love, and in return
I'll sing thy charms to thee!—*Metropolitan*.

Anecdote Gallery.

RECORDS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "MONSIEUR TONSON."

An Odd Angler.

Dr. Birch was very fond of angling, and devoted much time to that amusement. In order to deceive the fish, he had a dress constructed, which, when he put it on, made him appear like an old tree. His arms he conceived would appear like branches, and the line like a long spray. In this sylvan attire he used to take root by the side of a favourite stream, and imagined that his motions might seem to the fish to be the effect of the wind. He pursued this amusement for some years in the same habit, till he was ridiculed out of it by his friends.

Jack Spencer.

It is said that he once contrived to collect a party of hunch-backed men to dine with him, some of whom indignantly quitted the table. Another whimsical party which he assembled at his house consisted merely of

a number of persons all of whom stuttered; but this meeting at first threatened serious consequences, for each supposed he was mocked by the other, and it was with great difficulty that their host restored peace, by acknowledging the ludicrous purpose of his invitation.

Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson was long a bigoted Jacobite. When he was walking with some friends in Kensington Gardens, one of them observed that it was a fine place. "Phoo," said Johnson, "nothing can be finer than that belongs to a usurper." Dr. Monsey assured me, that once in company, when the conversation was on the age of King George the Third, he heard him say, "What does it signify when such an animal was born, or whether he ever existed?" Yet he afterwards said, in his account of his interview with His Majesty, that it was not for him "to bandy compliments with his sovereign."

Cards.

Mr. Murphy told me also, that he was once present at Tom's Coffee-house, in Russell Street Covent Garden, which was only open to subscribers, when Colley Cibber was engaged at whist, and an old General was his partner. As the cards were dealt to him, he took up every one in turn, and expressed his disappointment at every indifferent one. In the progress of the game he did not follow suit, and his partner said, "What! have you not a spade, Mr. Cibber?" The latter, looking at his cards, answered, "Oh, yes, a thousand;" which drew a very peevish comment from the General. On which Cibber, who was shockingly addicted to swearing, replied, "Don't be angry, for — I can play ten times worse if I like."

All on one Side.

Major Grose told me that when he was quartered in Dublin, he ordered an Irish sergeant to exercise the men in shooting at a mark. The sergeant had placed a pole for them to take aim, stationing a certain number on one side, and an equal number on the other, in direct opposition. The Major happened to reach the spot just as they were going to fire, stopped them, and expressed his surprise that the sergeant should have placed them in so dangerous a position, as they must necessarily wound, if not kill each other. "Kill each other!" said the sergeant, "why, they are all our own men." As the men so contentedly remained in the dangerous position, it may be inferred that they were as wise as the sergeant. This story illustrates that of Lord Thomond's cooks, which when the keeper let loose, were fighting each other, — much to his surprise he said, as they belonged to one person, and were "all on the same side."

Fails to Servants.

It is said that this practice prevailed to such a degree, even at the house of the great Lord Chesterfield, that when he invited Voltaire a second time to his table, the French wit in his answer declined the invitation, alleging that "his lordship's ordinary was too dear."

Another evil practice of servants to the higher orders, at that time, was carried to such a height that it wrought its own cure. It was usual at the old Italian Opera-house to allot a gallery to the footmen, that when their masters or mistresses had appointed the time to leave the theatre, their servants might be ready to attend. But these *livery-men* took it into their heads to become critics upon the performances, and delivered their comments in so tumultuous a manner, that the managers found it absolutely necessary to close the gallery against them, and to assign it to those only who paid for admission.

Just before the abolition of this *party-coloured* tribunal, a wag who was fond of music, but who had more wit than money, appeared at the gallery door, when the porter demanded the name of his master. The wag boldly answered, "I am the Lord Jehovah's servant," and was admitted, one of the door-keepers saying to the other, "I never heard of that man's master before, but suppose it is some scurvy Scotch lord or other."

New Reading.

Mr. John Kemble used to relate many whimsical anecdotes of provincial actors whom he knew in the early part of his life. He said that an actor who was to perform the character of *Kent* in the play of "King Lear," had dressed himself like a doctor, with a large grizzle wig, having a walking-stick, which he held up to his nose, and a box under his arm. Being asked why he dressed the Earl of Kent in that manner, he said, "People mistake the character; he was not an earl, but a doctor. Does not Kent say, when the king draws his sword on him for speaking in favour of Cordelia, 'Do kill thy physician, Lear;' and when the king tells him to take his 'hated trunk from his dominions,' and Kent says, 'Now to new climes my old trunk I'll bear,' what could he mean but his *medicine chest*, to practise in another country?"

Absence.

The first Lord Lytton was very absent in company, and when he fell into a river, by the oversetting of a boat, at Hagley, it was said of him that he had "sunk twice before he recollected he could swim." Mr. Jeringham told me, that dining one day with his lordship, the earl pointed to a particular dish, and asked to be helped of it, calling it, however, by a name very different from what the

dish contained. A gentleman was going to tell him of his mistake. "Never mind," whispered another of the party; "help him to what he asked for, and he will suppose it is what he wanted."

Arthur Murphy, whose mind was chiefly occupied by dramatic subjects, after he became a barrister, dining one Sunday at the chaplain's table, St. James's Palace, being too early, strolled into the Chapel Royal during the service, and desiring a seat, he thus addressed one of the attendants on the pews, "Here, *boxkeeper*, open this *box*."

Manners and Customs.

CURIOUS LAWS RELATING TO CAPS.

In England, in the year 1571, it was enacted, "that every person above seven years of age should wear on Sundays and holidays a cap of wool, knit-made, thickened and dressed in England, by some of the trade of cappers, under the forfeiture of three farthings for every day's neglect, excepting maids, ladies, and gentlewomen, and every lord knight, and gentleman, of twenty marks of land, and their heirs, and such as have borne office of worship in any city, town, or place, and the wardens of the London Companies."

In France, those who had been bankrupts were obliged ever after to wear a green cap, to prevent people from being imposed on in any future commerce. By several arrêts, in 1584, 1622, 1628, and 1688, it was decreed, that if they were at any time found without their green cap, their protection should be null, and their creditors empowered to cast them into prison; but this practice is not now continued.

Among the formation of the different domestic trades of the metropolis into fraternities, or companies, were the *Capellarii*, or Cappers. Respecting these, Hugh Fitz-Otonis, the city *custos*, in the 54th of Henry III., made certain ordinances, in the presence of the aldermen, as that none "should make a cap but of good white or grey wool, or black; that none dye a cap made of white or grey wool into black, they being apt, so dyed, to lose their colour through the rain," &c.

P. T. W.

WRESTLING.

At Hornchurch, in Essex, there is a singular custom on Christmas Day of wrestling for a boar's head, which is provided by the occupier of Hornchurch Hall. This custom is said to have originated in some charter, with which a correspondent, (H. B. A.) is totally unacquainted.

PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS

MR. TURNER has collected (*Hist. Eng.*) many curious facts relative to the condition of the Jews, especially in England. Others may be found dispersed in Velly's *History of France*; and many in the Spanish writers, Mariana and Zurita. The following are from Vaissette's *History of Languedoc*:—"It was the custom at Toulouse to give a blow on the face to a Jew every Easter;—this was commuted, in the twelfth century, for a tribute. At Beziers another usage prevailed—that of attacking the Jews' houses with stones, from Palm Sunday to Easter. No other weapon was to be used; but it generally produced bloodshed. The populace were regularly instigated to the assault by a sermon from the bishop. At length, a prelate, wiser than the rest, abolished this ancient practice, but not without receiving a good sum from the Jews."

The Gatherer.

Crusades.—Mr. Hallam, in his excellent *History of the Middle Ages*, (vol. iii. p. 359), gives the following view of these misconceived glories of history:—"The crusades may be considered as martial pilgrimages on an enormous scale; and their influence upon general morality seems to have been altogether pernicious. Those who served under the cross would not indeed have lived very virtuously at home; but the confidence in their own merits, which the principle of such expeditions inspired, must have aggravated the ferocity and dissoluteness of their ancient habits. Several historians attest the depravation of morals which existed both among the crusaders, and in the states formed out of their conquests."

Slave Trade in England.—In England it was very common, even after the conquest, to export slaves to Ireland; till, in the reign of Henry II., the Irish came to a non-importation agreement, which put a stop to the practice. William of Malmesbury accuses the Anglo-Saxon nobility of selling their female servants as slaves to foreigners. In the canons of a council at London, in 1102, we read—"Let no one from henceforth presume to carry on that wicked traffic, by which men of England have hitherto been sold like brute animals." And Giraldus Cambrensis says that the English, before the conquest, were generally in the habit of selling their children and other relations, to be slaves in Ireland, without having even the pretext of distress or famine, till the Irish, in a national synod, agreed to emancipate all the English slaves in the kingdom.

Opulent English Merchants.—Some idea of the ancient commercial wealth of Great Britain may be gathered from a glance at the rapid increase of English trade from

about the middle of the fourteenth century. Thus, in 1363, Ricard, who had been lord mayor, some years before, entertained Edward III. and the Black Prince, the Kings of France, Scotland, and Cyprus, with many of the nobility, at his own house in the Vintry, and presented them with handsome gifts. This eclipses the costliest entertainments of our times, at the public expense. Philpot, another eminent citizen in Richard II.'s time, when the trade of England was considerably annoyed by privateers, hired one thousand armed men, and dispatched them to sea, where they took fifteen Spanish vessels with their prizes. We find Richard obtaining a great deal from private merchants and trading towns. In 1379, he got 5,000*l.* from London, 1,000 marks from Bristol, and in proportion from smaller places. In 1386 London gave 4,000*l.* more, and 10,000 marks in 1397. The latter sum was obtained also for the coronation of Henry VI. Nor were the contributions of individuals contemptible, considering the high value of money. Hinde, a citizen of London, lent to Henry IV. 2,000*l.* in 1407, and Whittington one half of that sum. The merchants of the staple advanced 4,000*l.* at the same time. Our commerce continued to be regularly and rapidly progressive during the fifteenth century. The famous Canynges, of Bristol, under Henry VI. and Edward IV. had ships of 900 tons burthen.

Gold-beating.—Reaumur asserts, that in an experiment he made, one grain of gold was extended to rather more than forty-two square inches of leaf-gold; and that an ounce of gold, which in the form of a cube, is not half an inch either high, broad, or long, is beat under the hammer into a surface of 150 square feet. The process is as follows:—The gold is melted in a crucible, and taken to the flattening mills, where it is rolled out till it becomes of the consistence of tin; it is then cut into small square pieces, and each piece is laid between a leaf of skin (known by the name of goldbeaters-skin); two parchment bands are then passed over the whole, and each band is reversed; it is then hammered out to the size of the skin, taken out, cut, and hammered over again, and so on till it is sufficiently thin; when it is placed in books, the leaves of which are rubbed with red ochre, to prevent the gold adhering to them. There are gold leaves not thicker, in some parts, than the three hundred and sixty thousandth part of an inch. BURTON.

Ancient Pitch-in-the-Hole.—A soldier was brought to Alexander to exhibit a trick which he had acquired, of pitching a pea into a distant hole, which just fitted it;—when the reward which the great conqueror bestowed upon the soldier for his useless application of time was a peck of peas. P. T. W.

Pekin.—Balducci Pegalotti, a Florentine writer upon commerce, about the year 1340, describes Peking (under the name of Cambalu) the capital city of China, as being one hundred miles in circumference. He also states the journey from the Genoese territories to Peking as of rather more than eight months, going and returning; and he assures us it was perfectly secure, not only for caravans, but for a single traveller, with a couple of interpreters and a servant.

Mercers and Drapers.—Among the trading companies into which the middling ranks were distributed on the continent, in the twelfth century, those concerned in silk and woollens were most numerous and honourable. None were admitted to the rank of burgesses in the towns of Aragon who used any manual trade, with the exception of dealers in fine cloths.

Usury.—The interest of money was exceedingly high throughout the middle ages. At Verona, in 1228, it was fixed by law at 12½ per cent.; at Modena, in 1270, it seems to have been as high as 20. The republic of Genoa, towards the end of the fourteenth century, when Italy had grown wealthy, paid only from 7 to 10 per cent. to her creditors. But in France and England the rate was far more oppressive. An ordinance of Philip the Fair, in 1311, allows 20 per cent. after the first year of the loan. Under Henry III., according to Matthew Paris, the debtor paid 10 per cent. every two months; but this is absolutely incredible as a general practice.

Worsted.—Blomefield, the historian of Norfolk, thinks that a colony of Flemings settled, as early as the reign of Henry II., at Worsted—a village in that county—and immortalized its name by their manufacture. It soon reached Norwich, though not conspicuous till the reign of Edward I.

The Lord's Prayer in Aravaak.—Kuru-rumanny—haarnary caleery oboraady—ba-chooty deweet bossa—baynse parocan, bayin so pareeka—yahaboo ororoo adiaoko—mehe-rachehbeyn dacotooniah—Ebehey nebehedow wakayany odomay—Mayera toonebah dayensey—Boboro talidey.—*Hedouainey.—Jour. Geog. Soc.*

* An Indian nation, settled in British Guiana.

* * Our Correspondent E. has been misinformed. The translation of the Letter of Lord Byron, inserted in our Number 575, as the first, will be found in Moore's Life of Byron, vol. vi. p. 147, new edit.—but without the subscription of "Peer of England."

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CONTENTS.

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- 12 AND 13. NEVILLE AND PERCY'S CROSSES.
14. ANTWERP. 15. THE ISLAND OF ROTUMA.

ILLUSTRATED.

	Page.
Wingfield Manor House	321
The Bustard	328
Crosses at Leighton Buzzard and Holbeach	329
Domestic Antiquities	337
Ditto Ditto	344-5
Tanfield Arch, Durham	353
Neville and Percy's Crosses	360-1
Antwerp	369
The Island of Rotuma	376

CORRESPONDENCE.

Posts for Letters	332
Ribelbert and Elfrida, a Tale	333
Lines on the Catacombs at Paris	338
Holland	338
The Hawthorn Well	338
Lines from the Italian	339
Laws relating to Bachelors	339
The Resting-place	354
The Horse Eclipse	354
Maltese Legend	369

SKETCH-BOOK.

Recollections of a Wanderer—Incident on the Coast	373
---	-----

FINE ARTS.

Crosses	339-360
The Suffolk-street Gallery	330-362
The British Institution	363
Painters born at Antwerp	380

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

Sailing up the Essequibo	358-379
The Island of Rotuma	376
Mount Ararat	378

ANECDOTE GALLERY.

Satin Stone Necklaces	342
Dealing in France	343
A Distinction	343

NOTES OF A READER.

Influence of the Body on the Mind	354
-----------------------------------	-----

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

	Page.
Peter Pence	343
Popish Relics—Ancient Chair	344
Antique Knife, Handle, and Bell	345
Falconry Tenure	345
Early Inhabitants of Britain	370
Ancient and Modern Baths	373

NATURALIST.

Anecdote of a Tame Snake	337
The Bustard	338
Deer of North America	339
Wolves of	340
Cedar Trees—Gigantic Whale	341
Falls of the Genesee	342
Poison of the Horned Viper	354
Fish Battle	354

RETROSPECTIVE GLEANINGS.

Parliaments	325
Poor Laws	326
Ancient Bridewell	357
Poverty of Kings—Head Dress—London Coffee House—Salads—Sir W. Jones	358

DOMESTIC HINTS.

Waste of Bones—Flour—Bread—Coal, &c.	366
--------------------------------------	-----

PUBLIC JOURNALS.

Schoolmaster's Experience in Newgate	333
Funeral of Sir Walter Scott	345
Effects of Fashion upon Servants and Tradesmen	331-348
Rome, by T. Moore	364
Asmodeus in London	364
Adventure with a Shark	381

NEW BOOKS.

Juvenile Forget-me-Not for 1833	334
Legends of the Library at Lilies	360

GATHERER.

335-336-351-352-367-368-384	
-----------------------------	--

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